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LEISURE MOMENTS:

N^o 39

OR,

Songs in the Valley.

BY WILLIAM ELDER.

"For I will pour water upon him that is thirsty, and floods upon the dry ground; I will pour my Spirit upon their seed, and my blessing upon their offspring.—*Isaiah*

"The Lord is my strength and song, and is become my salvation."

"Awake, and sing, ye that dwell in the dust, for thy dew is as the dew of herbs, and the earth shall cast out her dead."

BOSTON:

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHOR,

No. 52 LEVERET STREET.

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421

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1862.

BY WILLIAM ELDER,

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.

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“TRUTH SHALL BE THY SHIELD AND BUCKLER!”



“I, even I, am he that comforteth you : who art thou, that thou shouldst be afraid of a man that shall die, and of the son of man which shall be made as grass?”

“Fear thou not, for I am with thee ; be not dismayed, for I am thy God ; I will shelter thee, and I will sustain thee, with the right hand of my righteousness.”

TO THEE,

THE ANGEL OF THE NEW COVENANT,
WHOSE GOINGS FORTH HATH BEEN FROM OF OLD, EVEN

FROM EVERLASTING,

WHO LED THINE OWN PEOPLE OUT FROM THEIR CRUEL

EGYPTIAN OPPRESSORS,

AND NURSED THEM IN THE LAP OF THY BENIGNANT

AND PROVIDENTIAL CARE;

TO THEE, MY MIGHTY SAVIOUR AND STRONG DELIVERER,

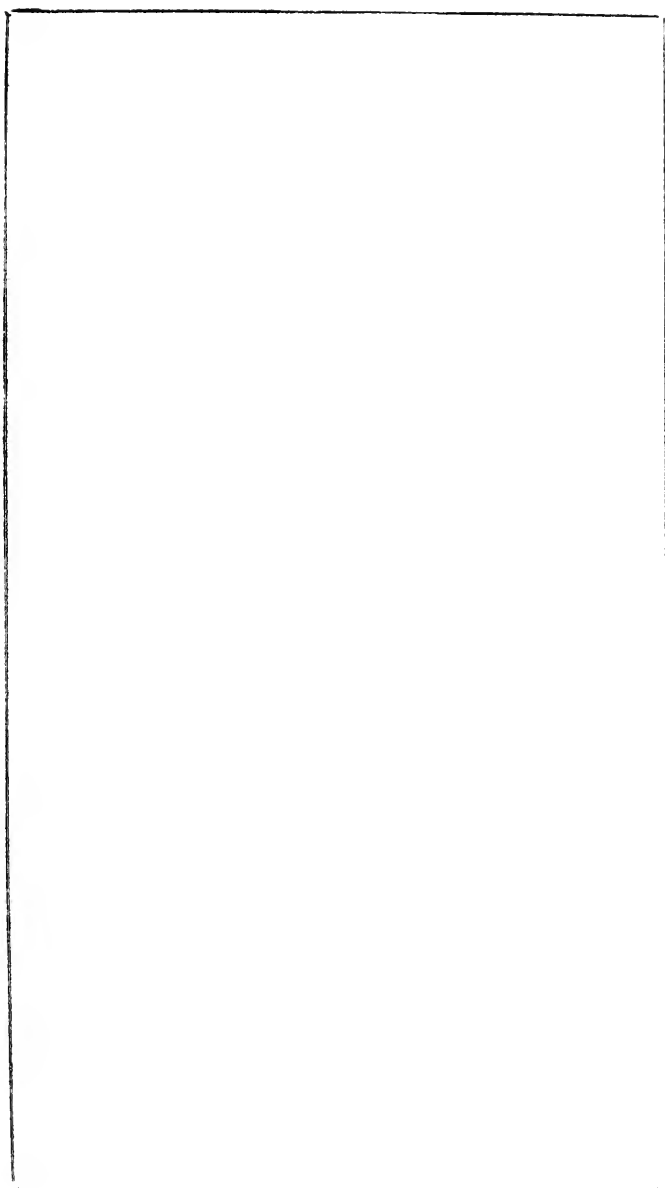
JESUS, THE SON OF GOD,

I WOULD HUMBLX DEDICATE MY BOOK, AND PRESENT IT

TO THEE AS A TRIBUTARY OFFERING,

FOR IN THY LOVE AND THY PITY THOU HAST REDEEMED ME,

GIVING TO ME THE SONG OF DELIVERANCE.



THE AUTHOR'S APOLOGY

THE author of the following pages, in laying them before the public, would claim for them no peculiar literary merit, other than this, that, he believes them to be the sentiments of his own soul, under the teachings of God's Holy Spirit. The motives which have prompted him to their publication are, that he feels it due to himself, and to the character which he has studied to sustain as a Christian man and a law-abiding and peaceable citizen, to present himself before the public in this manner, in order to show that his desires are to maintain that character still. Within a few years past, he believes himself to have been materially wronged, by being stigmatised as one who was a convert to that grievous delusion, which, under a peculiar name, is now endeavoring to ravish the Christian church, and by every conceivable method would, together with the arts and wiles of deceptive men, and the cunning prince of darkness, deceive the people into the embraces of a soul-destroying and heartless spiritual imposition.

On what grounds he has thus been purged, and considered in the light of one who had turned backward from the ancient faith of the Redeemer, he knoweth not, but in consequence of the suppositious influences thus raised against him, he has suffered grievous wrong, not only at the hands of his friends, but at the hands of a certain class of men, from whom he would have expected better things. He feels it due to himself to say, that he has never been a theorizing agent, to promulgate any system of spiritual absurdities, at any time; and although he has been made a sufferer in consequence of being placed by his friends in the hands of men who have the power in their own hands of exercising a code of barbaric laws, to the destruction of the physical and mental man, yet in the midst of all, he would say with gratitude, that God hath delivered him from the hands of the destroyers, and hast made him to rejoice as a Jerusalem sinner saved.

It is impossible but that offences will occur, sometimes even amongst chief friends, for a brother offended, by unjust aspersions, and charges which are cruel as they are unfounded, is harder to be won than a strong city. The author's desires ever have been, to study the things which make for peace, to be gentle and courteous to all men; to have a conscience void of offence towards God and the world. He has, however, been imprisoned for conscience sake, and because he held tenaciously to a truth, which is too well established to be controverted, he was banished from his home and his family under the same code of laws, and his property confiscated at the same time, and his business irretrievably scattered.

This is what the writer has suffered, he believes for Christ's sake. His desires still are, to seek the good of Jerusalem, and long for her prosperity; and while, owing to the misunderstandings referred to on the part of his friends, with whom he has often went to the house of God in company, he

has suffered himself to remain in the solitude of home for a season, away from the privileges and enjoyments of the church, in his leisure moments, and when his heart was sorrowful, and his soul wept within him, because of the unjust and lawless persecution, he has penned these few pages, hoping that they may give pleasure to others, into whose hands they may fall, as they have given pleasure to him.

Go, then, little one! Thou art humble in thine origin, yet the Master whom thou wouldst represent was born a king, and had not where to lay his head! Some may laugh thee to scorn, and many may despise thy littleness! But be not dismayed, for a little one may become a thousand, and a small one a strong nation!—and lofty trees from smallest acorns grow. And if thou art only an inducement in bringing a weary soul nearer to Christ, as the precious Saviour of sinners, and their sure Refuge and Strong Rock of defence, the object sought for in thy publication will be attained.

P S A L M X L I I I .

O SEND thy light forth and thy truth,

Let them be guides to me!

And bring me to thine holy hill,

Even where thy dwellings be!

Then will I to God's altar go,

To God, my chiefest joy,

Yea, God, my God, thy name to praise,

My harp I will employ!

Then why art thou cast down, my soul,

What should discourage thee?

And why, with vexing thoughts art thou,

Disquieted in me?

Still trust in God, for him to praise,

Good cause I yet shall have;

He of my countenance is the health,

My God, that doth me save!

SONGS IN THE VALLEY.

"I WILL praise thee, for thou hast heard me, and art become my salvation."

CHIMING BELLS, I LOVE TO HEAR THEE!

TUNE—"Come, join the celebration."

CHIMING BELLS! I love to hear thee,
With thy mellow tone—
Bidding me, when sad and weary,
"Rest, poor weary one!"
Saying always, and so cheerful,
"Pilgrim, art thou sad?
Art thou for the future fearful?
Jesus makes thee glad!"

CHORUS—Hope on, forever, Christian,
Sorrow never more;—
Jesus is thy Guide and Captain,
To the "shining shore!"

"Think not of the world's cold scorning,"
Chiming Bells do say—
"Brighter yet shall be the morning,
Of that Sabbath day—
When the kingdoms and the nations,
Will in grateful song,
Give to Jesus their oblations,
And His praise prolong!"
CHORUS—Hope on, &c.

Sabbath Bells ! my spirit cheering,
 Always when alone ;
 Thou remind'st me of my nearing
 Towards " home, sweet home !"
 Where I shall have joys immortal,
 As my portion fair,—
 And in heaven's blissful portal,
 Jesus' glories share !

Chorus—Hope on, &c.

Let thy chimes continue ever,
 Ringing soft and clear,
 Like the voice of my Redeemer,
 Coming to mine ear—
 Kindly saying, " Pilgrim stranger,
 Henceforth cease to roam ;
 And forever free from danger,
 Rest with me at home !"

Chorus—Hope on, &c.

FLOW GENTLY, SWEET RIVER !

Flow gently, sweet river of life divine,
 Flow into my soul, and I,
 Shall find that thy waters are sparkling there,
 A well-spring continually !

O ! may I, my Saviour, when wearied with care,
 Partake of these streams day by day ;
 And my soul will be thirsty no more here below,
 When I would " drink of the brook by the way !"

Flow into my heart, sweet waters of grace,
 Let my heart be a fountain for thee !—
 That when Jesus my Saviour comes there, he may find,
 A well-spring continually !

JESUS THE LIFE AND LIGHT.

I sing of Jesus, who hath died,
The Shiloh promised long,
Of Him who conquered death and hell,
I'd speak in humble song ;
Of one who stood at Jacob's well,
A stranger lone and sad,
I'd wake my strain of music now,
For " He has made me glad !"

Engraft me as a branch on thee,
The True and Living Vine,
That I may draw my life from thee,
My Saviour, truly mine !
That I may grow and flourish still,
Perpetually in thee.
And be no more a withered branch,
Of thine own " Olive Tree !"

And let me stand on Pisgah's heights,
And view the promised rest,
The better land of light and love,
The home I love the best ;
Where all is harmony and joy,
On that celestial shore,—
The city of the King of kings,
Who reigns for evermore.

Delightful springs come gushing up,
In this poor heart of mine,
Refreshing me, while journeying here,
With precious grace divine ;
And as I wander in life's way,
Weary, and sad, and lone,
In looking up, my heart would say,
O Jesus, quickly come !

Mercy and truth shine radiantly,
'Mid storms so wild and drear,
And righteousness and peace embrace,
And meet together here ;—

And love and purity divine,
Flow like a silvery stream,
To make my soul a Bashan-land,
With verdure rich to teem.

I feel that thou art still with me,
Though sadly stricken down.
And that thy love remains unchanged,
When friends upon me frown ;
And that thou art continually,
My covenant-keeping God,
Upholding me while forced to pass,
Beneath a cruel rod.

I 'd sit forever 'neath the shade,
Which thou hast made for me,
And underneath thy wings of love,
I 'd seek security—
I 'd nestle near thee like the child,
Upon its mother's breast,
And listen till I hear thee say,
" Come unto me and rest."

O wilt thou shelter me, when clouds,
And bleak and wintry storms,
Come rushing still upon me here,
In all their various forms ;
In secret of thy presence, Lord,
Let me in safety dwell,
For thou art still the hiding-place,
Of thine own Israel !

HARK ! 'T IS JESUS CALLS THEE !

PILGRIM ! sleeping in the tomb,
I have come to call thee home ;
To the joys I promised thee,
In bright immortality—
Sleeping soul, arise and shine,
In my glorious realm divine !

Take thy place at my right hand,
With the holy, happy band—
With the just who've lived by faith,
With the poor ones of the earth ;
With the pure in heart and mind,
With the good, and true, and kind ;
With the mild and meek in spirit,
Now eternal life inherit !
Shine where death shall reign no more ;
Shine on yonder peaceful shore !
Shine in Eden's bowery land—
Shine on Canaan's happy strand ;
Shine where music soft doth flow,
Shine where zephyr breezes blow ;
With the angelic host above,
Ever singing, " God is love !"
Shine where joys immortal reign,
Where is heard the golden strain—
" Worthy is our Saviour King,
Unto thee we praises bring—
We who have been saved from death,
By the quickening Spirit's breath ;
We would praise thee, Mighty One,
King of Nations, God's own Son ;
Thou art King of Salem, too—
We would give thee homage due !"

Now, poor pilgrim, morn has come,
Stay no longer in the tomb ;
Arise ! delay not—sleep no more,
Arise and shine, for yonder shore
Teems with myriads waiting there,
With thee their glorious bliss to share ;
Thy light has come, and I would now,
Plant bright glory on thy brow—
Fill thy soul with life and truth,
Giving thee perpetual youth ;—
Rest for ever !—rest with me ;—
Now the Sun in glory see ;
Look far upward to the skies,
Towards the realm of Paradise—

See the patriarchal train,
 In their robes without a stain ;—
 See the apostolic band,
 Gathered on the distant strand—
 See the saints assembled, where
 They shed no scorching, bitter tear ;
 Thou shalt here no longer stay,
 From thy Father's house away !
 Come to glory, come to bliss,
 Come to brighter worlds than this—
 There thy rest henceforth shall be,
 Come, poor pilgrim, come with me !

JESUS, THE SHILOH SAVIOUR !

TUNE—*Balerna*.

I LOVE thee, Jesus ! for thy name,
 When doubts and fears arise,
 Dispels the dark, foreboding clouds,
 And points to yonder skies !

I love thee, Jesus, for 't is good,
 To trust thee for thy grace,
 To keep me through life's journey here,—
 Thou art my resting-place !

I love thee, Jesus, for thy words
 Of truth and life divine,—
 Points me to where in holy love,
 Thy saints in glory shine !

I love thee, Jesus, for thy name,
 Gives gladness in the gloom
 Of life's dark way, and makes me free,
 From sin's deserved doom !

I love thee, Jesus, for thou art,
 My Refuge and my God !
 O, make me tread the narrow path,
 Which holy men have trod !

And when at last the weary years,
Of life are passed away ;
O ! let me live with thee, my God,
In never-ending day !

For thou, my Sun and Shield, art mine—
My Shiloh-Saviour, King !
Throughout the endless joys of heaven,
Thy praise divine I'll sing !

WEARY PILGRIM, COME TO ME !

Tune—Beautiful Zion.

PILGRIM stranger, trust in me,
Soon you will your Saviour see ;—
I have thee thy sins forgiven.
Soon thou 'lt reign with me in heaven ;
Soon thou wilt with angels shine—
Think not of the joys of time !

Why do ye, a wanderer roam,
From your Father's peaceful home ?
Why do ye not seek your rest,
In my kingdom with the blest ?
Rest from sin and sorrow free—
Weary pilgrim, come to me !

Where with bright seraphic choirs,
Hymning music with their lyres,—
Thou might'st join their sweet refrains,
As they sing their glorious strains ;—
There in heaven would'st thou be,
Weary pilgrim, come to me !

Jesus is thy Morning Star—
Guide and Shepherd, Comforter ;
Shiloh-Saviour, Mizpah-Friend.
Who will guide thee to the end !
If bright glory thou would'st see,
Weary pilgrim, come to me !

TIDINGS OF SALVATION.

TIDINGS of salvation, cometh from afar,
 On every kingdom, nation, beavas the welcome star ;
 Messengers of glory, on mountain tops and hills,
 Proclaim the gladsome story, and love our spirit thrills,
 Hindoo, and lonely Arab, remotest, distant main,
 With lands sterile and arid, have heard the glad acclaim ;

Pæons of rejoicing, and heaven's melody,
 At Jesus' glory rising, o'er nations of the free ;—
 Hark ! 't is angels telling, where the child is born.
 A gift from heaven's dwelling, salvation's trumpet horn ;
 Always and ever blowing, far o'er earth and sea—
 True riches are in knowing, the Man of Galilee !

Blowing on the floweret, and through the cedar trees—
 Peace, happiness and gladness, dawns upon a world,
 No sin, or ill, or sadness, can enter Jesus' fold ;
 Listen, and you'll hear it, coming unto thee,—
 " Would you life inherit, there is rest in me ! "

" THERE IS GLADNESS THERE ! "

Is the sweet record of love and of life divine,
 We read of the " narrow way,"
 Which leads to the realms of glory bright,
 Where are saints and angels clothed in light—
 Who revel in glorious day !

No sighing and tears, and no sorrow is known,
 But joy and rejoicing is there ;
 For this is the rest which the Saviour hath bought :
 The " home in heaven " they long have sought ;
 And all is bright, happy and fair !

No weary soul, filled with sadness and care,
 Is found 'midst that happy throng ;
 For there, with this pure and holy band,
 Doth Jesus in glory and brightness stand,
 And they join in salvation's song !

And they sing in tune with their golden harps,
 Sweet anthems of praises to Him,
 Who sitteth on the pure and pearly white throne,
 And beareth the sceptre of power alone,
 And who saveth his people from sin !

“ I have loved thee with love which is lasting and true,”
 From a mild, plaintive voice came to me !
 My soul with sweet raptures did inwardly burn,
 And my sadness and sorrow into gladness returned,
 When I was made my Redeemer to see .

O Jesus, wilt thou lead me on in this way,
 And keep me from evils to come ?
 Hide me, ‘a poor sinner, safe under thy wings,
 And songs of sweet praises I ever will sing,
 When at last I am safely “ at home !”

LET THE RED CROSS WAVE IN GLORY !

TUNE—“ Guide me, O thou Great Jehovah !”

LET the Red Cross wave in glory,
 Over land and over sea,
 Making known the plaintive story,
 Jesus died on Calvary ;
 Let it wave in gladness o’er us,
 O’er our cities, valleys, hills,
 Let the news from Zion glorious,
 Run like torrents, rivers, rills !

From the Cross upon the mountain.—
 From the brow of Calvary,
 There comes forth a flowing fountain,
 Gushing up for you and me !
 Let it therefore stand for ever,
 In our deserts wild and drear,
 As an oasis to the traveller,
 Pointing him to rest found here.

Let it be the fiery pillar,
 In thick clouds of darkness seen,
 That its light, so bright, peculiar,
 May show forth its glorious sheen ;
 So that weary, wandering pilgrims,
 In the midst of dark despair,
 May be guided by this beacon,
 To the land of promise there.

Wave it high, aloft in heaven !
 Let it be thy banner true,
 Telling thee of sins forgiven.—
 Mercy, peace, and pardon too ;
 And whenever thy Saviour calls thee,
 Saying, “ Pilgrim, follow me ;”
 Tell thy friends the plaintive story,
 Jesus died on Calvary !

“I SHALL SEE THE KING IN HIS BEAUTY!”

TUNE—“ *The Saint's Sweet Home.*”

MY FATHER in heaven, I've heard of thy Son,
 For whose sake thou 'st forgiven the sins I have done !
 O, let thy sweet Spirit, be with me for aye,
 And “ sweet home ” I'll inherit, throughout endless day !

CHORUS—Home, home, heaven is my home,
 I long to be with thee, my Saviour, at home.

'Tis good to have with me, thy presence to cheer,
 To hear thy sweet whisper, “ Thou 'st nothing to fear !”
 “ It is I,” hath been heard, in the tempest and storm ;
 And gladness hath come, to the pilgrim forlorn !

CHORUS—Home, home, heaven is my home, &c.

“ I will clothe thee with raiment, of righteousness rare ;
 And ‘ safe home ’ in glory, thou 'lt reign with me there !
 Where cruel oppression and sorrow shall cease ;
 And no longer be heard in the haven of peace !”

CHORUS—Home, home, heaven is my home, &c.

O, make me a subject, of true, living faith ;
 And to hear what thy Spirit, continually saith !
 Thus taught by the wisdom, which cometh from thee !
 The " King in his beauty," in glory I'll see !

CHORUS—Home, home, heaven is my home, &c.

THE HOME WHICH FOREVER IS MINE.

WILT thou wake me early, my Saviour and King,
 In the bright resurrection morn ?
 Wilt thou wake me early from my cheerless sleep,
 In the silent grave forlorn ?

For I long to be in the " better land ?"
 In the beautiful world of truth ;
 Where angels in glory and splendor shine,
 And thy saints renew their youth !

'Tis a cheerless world, this world, to pass through,
 But my soul is in extacy,—
 To know, 'midst its trials, and cares, and strifes,
 There is a better rest on high !

My Saviour, " I would not live alway here !"
 My spirit to thee would draw near !
 I would rather live with thy ransomed ones,
 And know none of the sorrows found here !

As I haste me on, through life's journey below,
 I would look from thy cross, to the shore
 Of glory and brightness, and living light,
 Where thine heritage sorrow no more !

Wilt thou wake me early, my Guide and my Shield,
 In the bright resurrection to shine !
 And my spirit will soar, with fleet wing far away,
 To the home which forever is mine !

CANAAN'S "SHINING SHORE."

I've wandered over many lands,
O'er life's uneven way,
And though a pilgrim forlorn,
I've heard my Jesus say—
"Look unto me, and thou wilt find,
When life's vain toils are o'er,
Thy rest amidst perennial flowers,
On Canaan's 'shining shore!'"

I've found that Jesus is my friend,
When surging waves arise;
My shelter, and my hiding-place,
My path to paradise!
"I am thy Sun and Shield," he says,
"O spurn my grace no more,—
And soon I'll take thee to my rest,
On Canaan's 'shining shore!'"

Draw me, my Saviour, with the cords,
Of love and truth divine;—
Encircle me with kindly care,
And make me wholly thine!
And when life's fitful dream is past,
Wilt thou my soul restore;
And take me where the angels dwell,
To Canaan's "shining shore!"

JESUS WHOSE RIGHT IT IS TO REIGN.

AWAKE! my harp, my soul awake,
And sing a song for Jesu's sake;
Sing of the bleeding Lamb who died—
The Christian's hope,—the Crucified!
Loud let thy notes of praise arise,
Exalting Jesus to the skies;

Let Calvary's hill, and Zion's too,
With Sinai in her grandeur true,

Reecho to the world around,
That Jesus love doth much abound.
Let deserts, rocks, and distant hills,
The mighty rivers,—little rills—
And sun, and moon, and stars combine,
To praise the True and Living Vine !

Awake, my soul ! thou need'st not fear—
Awake ! and sing thy miserere ;
'Tis Jesus hath delivered thee,
From hell and death hath set thee free ;
O, let the grace that he hath given,
Be still thy guide from earth to heaven ;
And let his gracious truth divine,
In thine own storehouse ever shine ;—
Let Jesus be the jewel rare,
Sparkling on thy forehead fair :
And let him be thy necklace fine,
Perpetually, for ever thine ;—
Thy sword, and shield, and buckler too,
Thine helmet strong, and staunch, and true ;
Thy rearguard, vanguard, righteousness,
To comfort thee in thy distress ;
And bring thee to the realms of joy,
Where nought can harm thee or annoy ;—

For thee, my Jesus, I would sing—
To thee, I would my offering bring.
“ I am,” is thy memorial still,
Into my heart thy grace instil ;
And let me always hear thee say,—
“ I am the Life, and Truth, and Way ;”
For I would give thee all my heart,
And would to others now impart,
In measured numbers soft and slow,
The truths which thou hast made me know ;
Thou art my Teacher, I would trace,
The Father's image in thy face ;
My Mediator, Merciful,
And Counsellor, Most Wonderful—
Bishop and Judah's Sceptre bright,
Pillar of Fire, my Leader, Light ;

Finisher of Faith, and Fatted Calf,
 And Sacrifice in my behalf ;—
 Immanuel, Son of Righteousness,
 Wisdom of God, my Witness—
 My Fountain, and 'Salvation's Well,
 My Treasure, Strength of Israel ;
 My Substance in the world to come,
 And Crown of Joy, and Three in One—
 My Advocate and Bread of Life,
 And Prince of Peace to save from strife ;
 Plant of Renown and Sharon's Rose,
 And Wall of Fire me to enclose—
 My Garden of Delights.—Sweet Myrrh,
 And goodly Cedar, scately Fir ;
 This, this is JESUS, Great I Am,
 To all, the Good Samaritan—
 This is the Friend of Sinners true,
 Whose praises I would sing to you !

'Tis done !—Ah, no ; my muse again,
 For Jesus shall renew her strain ;
 In blissful climes, where angels dwell,
 My soul shall of His goodness tell ;—
 Just now I hear in kindest tone,
 A voice from the Eternal One—
 It comes so soothing, soft, and bland,
 I hear it, from the " better land,"
 " Awake, and sing, thy song no more,
 Shall cease on that celestial shore ;
 No longer sing thy pensive lay,
 Clogged with thy poor mortality ;"
 Here shall thy song for ever be,
 " Worthy is the Lamb !"—He died for me !

THE KING WHO RULES IN ZION !

I WOULD speak of the love of a noble King,
 Who rules in a beautiful clime ;
 Where are sapphires, and diamonds and gems of truth,
 Unknown in the region of Time !

This King is King Jesus, my Saviour and Friend,—
 My Refuge, and Guardian, and Guide ;
 I would tread in his footsteps, while journeying here,
 And safe in his presence would hide.

In his pity and kindness for our poor sinful race,
 He left his bright glory above ;
 And in tender compassion he sojourned with us here,
 To redeem us in infinite love.

Would you hear his mild voice, saying softly to thee,
 “ I am thy Redeemer, thy Friend !
 O ! come unto me, ye who labor and mourn,
 Let thy cry to me ever ascend !—

“ I will shield thee from evil, and tend thee with care,
 I am the Good Shepherd, and have
 A blessed inheritance prepared for all those,
 Who trust in my power to save !”

Then who would not trust in Jesus, my King,
 Who rules in the beautiful clime,—
 Where the ransomed of God dwell in safety and peace,
 And are freed from the evils of Time !

THE SOUL'S SURE TREASURE.

I've found it—I've found it ! O joy beyond measure,
 I've found it ! 't is mine—'t is a precious treasure !
 'T is the jewel of truth—'t is a bright starry gem—
 'T is the gift of my Saviour in sweet Bethlehem !

I've found it—'t is a pearl of more value than gold ;
 It is polished and beautiful, rare to behold ;
 'T is a jasper, an emerald, from a far distant realm,
 'T is a star in the crown of the saints diadem.

'T is a gift of great price.—I have looked for it long ;
 'T is my finger of hope,—'t is my joy and my song ;
 'T is the magnet which draws me from sadness below—
 'T is Elijah's own mantle my Redeemer to know.

I've found it—'t is the pool of Siloam to me ;
 I've been bathed in its waters—'t is precious and free ;
 'T is the voice of the Saviour, in storm and in calm—
 'T is myrrh and sweet frankincense—Gilead's balm.

I've found it—'t is a spring of sweet waters which shine,
 As they gush into my heart in their power divine ;—
 'T is a clear flowing fountain of life from above,
 And refreshing my soul with its showers of love.

I've found it—'t is the promise of life freely given,
 As angels are beckoning me upward to heaven ;—
 To the city of refuge, far away from unrest,—
 To the beautiful palace in the Land of the Blest !

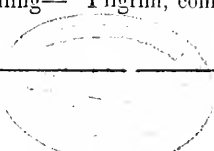
HARK, I HEAR A VOICE MELODIOUS !

TUNE.—Zion.

HARK ! I hear a voice melodious,
 Sweet and plaintive, soft and clear—
 Coming in its power so glorious,
 To my earth-born prison here ;—
 'T is my Jesus !
 Speaks from heaven's celestial sphere.

Lo, I hear the gentle whisper,
 Saying in its kindness—
 " Look !—beyond the darksome river,
 There is rest and happiness !"
 'T is my Jesus !
 Come to comfort and to bless.

Yes, I hear the voice celestial,—
 Clouds of sorrow pass away ;
 And the night of life terrestrial,
 Changes to one endless day.
 Lo ! 't is Jesus !
 Calling—" Pilgrim, come away."



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